

PROGRAMM

der

Königlichen Realschule

zu

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Inhalt:

- 1) The English Translations of Homer. An Essay by Dr. Henkel.
- 2) Schulnachrichten. Vom Inspector.

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The question how a translator has to treat Homer in order to please the scholar and also to render the poet accessible to a larger public has never been discussed in England with so warm an interest as in the last decenniums. Not only distinguished scholars and men of high position, but others of inferior ability have entered the lists of the controversy, and, in the course of a few years, there have appeared no less than five translations. After a few introductory remarks we shall endeavour to give a short summary of what has been done in translations up to the present time, and if possible, to arrive at some conclusions as to the form most suited to the English language.

I.

The development of language and literature during the last three centuries has met with far fewer obstacles in England than in Germany, where the course of sound, national progress has too often been impeded by inward political and religious struggles with their unhappy consequences and by a miserable dependence on foreign powers. And although there followed after the Augustan Era of English literature a time during which French mannerism got the upper hand, yet this transitory revolution was not attended by so disastrous consequences as in Germany, and the healthy mind of the nation that had produced a William Shakespeare, emancipated itself in due time from such repulsive pedantry and sickly degeneracy. English writers ceased comparatively early to use the latin language only, and together with the great number of eminent poets created that language, which without any lasting interruption, gradually developed itself to a high degree of perfection, whereas in Germany the

national literature and the forcible language of Luther began to degenerate soon after the reformation. Thus we find already under the reign of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth rather elegant versions of classical authors; as, for instance, those of Cicero and Xenophon by Grimoald and that of Virgil by the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, who introduced the blank verse into English literature, and who, following in the footsteps of the Italians gave to poetic language an extraordinary smoothness and elegance. It is just this exterior polish and easiness of style, which has always distinguished the English translator of Grecian and Latin works from the German. It would seem that this arises from a different manner of treating the studies of Antiquity in general, and is, in a great measure, to be attributed to the respective national character of the Britons and Germans. For as these two nations differ from each other in so many points that, in the moral and intellectual world, they almost form two opposite poles, they likewise present a marked contrast in the way in which each of them tries to make the mental productions of foreign nations and distant periods of civilization their own. Whenever an English scholar has undertaken the task of interpreting to his countrymen some literary work of Hellas or Rome, his principal aim always was to please by easy movement and grace while the German translator, on the other hand, endeavours to penetrate the mind of the author in every detail and to follow with scrupulous accuracy the text of the original. This may especially be said of the Iliad and Odyssey.

Now, it cannot be denied that the former manner of proceeding contributes not a little towards popularizing classical literature, to which we may add that in no other civilized country there exists so great an affinity with the ancients in political institutions and social life as in England.

In the study of the constitutional history of Greece and Rome the Briton finds at every step analogies with that of his own nation, and a long list of illustrious names from Sir Walter Raleigh down to Lord Macaulay and Grote proves, how practically and vitally English historians have always been influenced by Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus. And how infinitely more important, even from a purely practical point of view, must, for instance, Demosthenes have been for a Pitt, Burke, Brougham or Fox, than for the German scholar.

Thus, while the great master pieces of Antiquity always met with a conscientious and admirable treatment in the land of thinkers and philosophers, in that of

political freedom they brought forth a race of statesmen and lawgivers, so that the gulf between the modern and ancient world appears nowhere smaller than in England. In like manner the method of instruction in schools and universities, although so deficient in many points, contributes greatly to this result, the classics ever having formed the greater part of the plan of study in the schools, and the students of all the learned professions, without exception, continuing to cultivate them at the University. It is chiefly owing to this latter circumstance that so many men of academic education of widely different callings and professions maintain through their whole life a close intercourse with the ancients, and that even members of the highest aristocracy and men of important social position, still find time for historical and philosophical studies. As examples we need only cite the names of the British Demosthenes, Lord Brougham, Lord Derby, Colonel Mure, Gladstone, and the London banker Grote.

This wide diffusion of classical knowledge and a language already well developed early led to the translation of classical authors, among whom Ovid, Virgil and Cicero ranked first and were followed, in the Elizabethan period, by Homer.

II.

Omitting a few, less important names, as Ogilby and others, we proceed to the first translator worthy of our notice, George Chapman, whose Homer will always remain deserving of consideration. Chapman, a contemporary and, according to some, a friend of Shakespeare had not the good fortune to obtain for his work the attention it merited. The reason why it soon sank into comparative oblivion and never obtained its deserved popularity seems principally to be the quaint, somewhat obsolete mode of expression, and secondly the choice of the fourteen-syllabled measure, which was not calculated to please the ear accustomed to the French rhymes of the Dryden period. Leaving the form out of the question we must admit that the spirit which breathes through Chapman's poem is more Homeric than in any other production of the kind that appeared during the next two centuries.

Chapman was a thorough Oxford scholar, living in friendly intercourse with important literary authorities, as for instance Ben Jonson in London, and was a man of serious, deep feeling, who pursued his studies with an almost enthusiastic energy, qualities which were eminently favourable to his undertaking. He possessed in a high degree the gift of penetrating the characters of his heroes and of entering fully into the spirit and peculiarities of the age. Thus, both his deities and his heroes attract

us as truly Homeric figures, full of life and nature. Now, if in spite of his endeavouring to preserve the original character of the poem, he has not quite succeeded in giving us the genuine Homer, this failure must be attributed, in the first place, to his ballad-like metre, which falls upon the ear with too little of the easy and majestic flow of the ancient hexameter; and, secondly, with all his objectiveness we discover too often the poet of the romantic age, i. e. his imagination frequently carries him away into the style of the time and causes him to overstep the natural boundaries. This is, however, a feature, which we find in almost all translators of that great epoch, when men had just emerged from the middle ages with all the imaginativeness and peculiarities of the time and began to try their powers upon the abundant mass of new material.

Nevertheless, Chapman's book, in spite of rhyme, ballad-metre and quaintness, stands higher with us than any of the productions of the time of French taste, and his Iliad has kept its ground at all times and attracted English scholars, who knew how to appreciate it. Hallam says that it is „often exceedingly Homeric“ and one of the later editors: „by his own innate Homeric genius Chapman has thoroughly identified himself with Homer, and we pardon him even his digressions; for they are such as we feel Homer himself would have written.“

Farther on we shall have to compare a passage from Chapman with a later version; for the present we give a few lines as an example of the occasional quaint and overflowing style of the translator.

Iliad VI, 444 Hector says to Andromache:

οὐδέ με θυμός ἄνωγεν, ἐπεὶ μάθον ἔμμεναι ἐσθλός
αἰεὶ, καὶ πρῶτοισι μετὰ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
ἀρνύμενός πατρός τε μέγα κλέος ἠδ' ἐμὸν αὐτοῦ.

Voss:

*Auch verbeut es mein Herz; denn ich lernete biederer Muthes
Immer zu sein und zu kämpfen im Vorderkampfe der Troer,
Schirmend zugleich des Vaters erhabenen Ruhm und den meinen,*

Chapman renders this:

*The spirit I first did breathe
Did never teach me that; much less the contempt of death
Was settled in me and my mind knew what a worthy was,
Whose office is to lead in fight and give no danger pass
Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine:
Here must his country, father, friends be in him made divine,*

and Priam's

Ἔσσεται ἡμᾶρ ὅτ' ἄν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος Ἴρη

he lengthens out into:

And such a stormy day shall come, in mind and soul I know,

When sacred Tröy shall shed her tow'rs for fear of overthrow.

To conclude we have only to add that Chapman's Homer holds an important place in the history of the developement of the English language and that a great number of his expressions and especially of his compound words have taken root in literary language. Goodwin says: „The translation of Homer published by G. Chapman is one of the greatest treasures the English language has to boast of.“

III.

A new era begins for the translation of classical authors, as for English literature in general after the restoration of the Stuarts opening with „the great master of good rhyme and taste“ John Dryden, who has, happily, left us neither Odyssey nor Iliad, but who, by his versions of other poets has exercised so great an influence on this branch of literature, that the most celebrated of all translators of Homer, Alexander Pope, regards him as an infallible model. Dryden is the chief representative of the admirers of French taste and of that stiff, artificial manner which then pervaded the literature of England and of almost all other European countries. In spite of his undisputed command of language and his other numerous gifts, which made him the unlimited arbiter in the republic of letters, not unlike Opitz, Gottsched and Johnson, Dryden was by no means equal to the task of interpreting the great authors, a task which he undertook chiefly from pecuniary reasons after the accession of William and Mary. „The verses of the latin poet“, says W. Collier about his Virgil, „have the velvet bloom, the dewy softness, the delicate odour of a flower; the version of the Englishman has the hardness and brilliance of a gem.“ The same may be said of his Juvenal, Persius, Horace, Ovid and Theocritus, although Dr. Samuel Johnson holds a different opinion; for „Dryden“, says he, „has made of English literature, what Augustus made of Rome; that is, he found it brick and left it marble“. This judgement of Johnson, who, it is well known, undervalued Shakespeare and laid Milton in the dust, must be understood as relating more to polish of diction than to

genius or depth. And how many of Dryden's faults sprang from the corrupting spread of French influences! His unquestionable claims to the admiration of Posterity rest on his having established new laws and norms for metrics and style. And in this he found, even during his lifetime, an enthusiastic admirer and blind imitator in Alexander Pope, who followed as nearly as possible in his footsteps and surpassed him in most points.

In his five und twentieth year Pope began his celebrated translation of Homer, which, up to the last few years, has always been looked upon as the best and most exemplary, and which was welcomed by his contemporaries with the most unbounded admiration. However, although there are still many admirers of this elegant composition, the opinion generally prevails that, with respect to the true ingenium homericum, no writer could have attempted the work with fewer qualifications than the author of the „Rape of the Lock“, the „Essay on Man“ and the other various fashionable productions. Views and temperament and studies did not qualify Pope to approach near enough to the spirit of Antiquity and to allow the same to pervade his translations. His Iliad and Odyssey, like Addison's „Cato“ and other contemporary dramatic works lose too much by modernisation. „'Tis a pretty poem, Mr. Pope“, said Richard Bentley, „but you must not call it Homer.“ However, „pretty“ is a little too severe, for the mind of Pope was not so altogether destitute of the noble and sublime, but that these qualities do not shine forth occasionally in his Homer. He chiefly excels in graceful diction, rapid and easy movement, but he frequently falls into the error of brilliant sentences and even of antithesis, to which, it may be said in excuse, the nature of the heroic verse easily leads. Therefore Pope could not fail to give his work a false impress. Besides he was wanting in depth of feeling, seriousness and that special intellectual qualification, which enables the translator fully to enter into the ingenium Homericum and particularly not to overlook the drastic description of even the smallest details. Still we must not lose sight of the fact that the English language presents great difficulties and is by no means well adapted to easy translation, a circumstance which too often induces the translator to employ vague circumlocutions. Not content with this unavoidable prolixity, Pope augmented the same by extension of the figures and the frequent introduction of rhetoric ornaments. For instance the celebrated passage Od. IV, 456

Ἄλλ' ἤτοι πρότιστα λέων γένετ' ἠυγένειος

αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα δράκων καὶ πάρδαλις ἡδὲ μέγας σῦς
 γίγνεται δ' ὕγρον ὕδωρ καὶ δένδρεον ὑψιπέτηλον.

is amplified into eight heroic verses

*A lion now he curls a surgy mane
 Sudden our bands a spotted pard restrain;
 Then arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
 A boar's obscener shape the god belies;
 On spiry volumes there a dragon rides;
 Here from our strict embrace a stream he glides.
 And last sublime his stately growth he rears,
 A tree and well dissembled foliage wears.*

It is evident how much of the effect he destroys by such circumlocutions as „the damsels that attend the throne“, which may remind the reader of the powdered maids of Queen Anne, but scarcely of the ἀμφίπολοι of Penelope; the same is the case with a thousand similar expressions.

The frequent occurrence of high-flown sentences have even given rise to the suspicion that Pope tried thus to cover his deficient knowledge of the Greek language, and his adversaries indeed accused him with it, asserting that he, like his model Dryden, had recourse to latin translations and emphasizing his having enjoyed very little systematic school-training and attained his degree of learning chiefly by self-instruction. However that may be, the censure which both the poetical and the philosophical productions deservedly incurred, falls less upon the author himself, than on the general character and peculiar taste of the age in which he lived. It is to be attributed chiefly to this circumstance that Pope chose the heroic verse, the rhymes and rhythm of which are so unsuited for translation of ancient poetry, and that he so frequently introduces such rhetorical ornaments as antithesis and others. Even Addison with all his classic lore would not, under the influence of the same circumstance, have given us a better Homer than Pope's work.

To sum up, however, the praise our poet is entitled to, it is but just to admit that he has enriched the English language not only by his minor productions, but also by his Iliad and Odyssey. His manuscripts which we still possess show how scrupulous he was in his expressions, and how often he used the file; and thus, between 1712 and 1725, he completed a work which charmed by its extraordinary grace and elegance all who were but slightly or not at all acquainted with the original, and which

exercised no small influence on contemporary and later poets. Thus Dr. Johnson says: „Pope's Homer is certainly the noblest version the world has ever seen, and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the greatest events in the annals of Learning“ and „Pope cultivated our language with so much diligence and art, that he has left in his Homer a treasure of poetical elegancies to Posterity.“

In conclusion we give here the introductory verses of his *Odyssey* 1 — 10,

Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα, πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ,
 πλάγχθη, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἔπερσεν
 πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω,
 πολλὰ δ' ὅγ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμόν,
 ἀρνύμενος ἥν τε ψυχὴν καὶ νόστον ἐταίρων.
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὧς ἐτάρους ἐρύσατο, ἰέμενός περ.
 αὐτῶν γὰρ σφετέρῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο.
 νήπιοι, οἳ κατὰ βοῦς Ὑπερίονος ἠελίοιο
 ἤσθιον, αὐτὰρ ὃ τοῖσιν ἀρεῖλετο νόστιμον ἦμαρ
 τῶν ἀμόθεν γε, θεά, θύγατερ Διός, εἰπέ καὶ ἡμῖν.

P o p e:

*The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
 Long exercised in woes, oh Muse! resound;
 Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
 Of sacred Troy' and raz'd her heaven-built wall,
 Wand'ring from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
 Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.
 On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
 Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore;
 Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
 On herds devoted to the god of day;
 The god vindictive doom'd them never more
 (Ah! men unblest'd) to touch that natal shore,
 Oh snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
 Celestial Muse! and to our World relate! —*

IV.

More than half a century elapsed after the appearance of Pope's *Homer* before a new attempt was made, and this came from a man who also occupies an honourable place among the English poets of the eighteenth century, and who in his translation made a step forward, but was nevertheless scarcely competent to solve satisfactorily the difficult problem. This was William Cowper. It is astonishing that so timid and shrinking a mind should have had the courage, in his later years, to attack *Homer*; yet Cowper completed his work in a few years, writing about forty verses every day. This version has never drawn much attention, although it has some advantages over Pope's, and indicates a step forward in the treatment of *Homer* by the poet's having chosen Milton rather than Pope for a model, in his metre. By so doing he avoided the superficiality and flippant style, into which the heroic verse so easily leads. Now although Cowper was decidedly on a surer road to success, still the whole stamp of his mind stood as a natural obstacle between him and his original, for he combined with his devoutness such a contemplative, shrinking, and sometimes despondent character, that it was impossible to him, in some parts of the epic to catch the real homeric tone. It is true that he says: „my chief boast is that I have adhered closely to the original“, which he did to a certain degree, however, whenever he meets with expressions of glowing passion, fiery speeches and too naive descriptions of the actions both of gods and mortals, he so modifies the ferocious, challenging tone and covers naked realities that he considerably weakens the effect of the whole. In addition to this he falls into the error of adhering too closely to the phraseology and peculiar movement of Milton's epic. „The similitude of Milton's manner“, says he, „to that of *Homer* is such that no person familiar with both can read either without being reminded of the other; and it is in those breaks and pauses to which the numbers of the English poet are so much indebted both for their dignity and variety that he chiefly copies the Grecian.“

Now these „breaks and pauses“, certainly occur often enough in Milton and his Italian models, but that they form a characteristic element in the majestic and yet rapid epic, is an erroneous opinion which has done much harm to Cowper's translation. The frequent inversions and rather retarding manner of Milton may be ap-

propriate to so solemn and serious subjects as that of the „Paradise lost“, but the exact contrary suits the ancient epic in an English garb.

We now subjoin as a specimen of Cowper's version the famous passage of the watchfires, Iliad VIII, 555, and place beside it the verses of Chapman.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστροι φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνεται ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ.
ἐκ τ' ἔφανε πᾶσαι σκοπιᾶί καὶ πρόωνες ἄκροι
καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,
πάντα δέ τ' εἶδεται ἄστροι, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν.
τόσσα μεσηγυῖ νεῶν ἡδὲ Ξάνθοιο ῥόων
Τρώων καίωντων πυρὰ φαίνεται Ἰλιόθι πρό.
χλι' ἄρ' ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ καίετο, πᾶρ δὲ ἐκάστῳ
εἶατο πεντήκοντα σέλχ' πυρός αἰθομένοιο,
ἵπποι δὲ κρὶ λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας,
ἑσταότες παρ' ὄχεσφιν, ἐύθρονον Ἠῶ μίμνον

Cowper:

*As when around the clear bright moon the stars
Shine in full splendour and the winds are hush'd,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether opened wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd:
So numerous seem'd the fires between the stream
Of Xanthus blazing and the fleet of Greece
In prospect all of Troy, a thousand fires,
Each watched by fifty warriors seated near.
The steeds beside their chariots stood, their corn
Chewing and waited till the golden-thron'd
Aurora should restore the light of day.*

Chapman.

*As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams high prospects and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for show,
And over the lowly valleys gay do glitter in their light,*

*And all the sings in Heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart:
 So many fires disclosed their beams made by the Trojan part
 Before the face of Ilton, that her bright turrets showed.
 A thousand courts of guards kept fires, and every guard allowed
 Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and hard white corn
 And all did wilfully expect the silver-throned morn.*

V.

After the death of Cowper in the year 1800, nothing worth mentioning appears until a very recent period, when a general discontent with the existing versions gave a new impulse to the work of homeric translation, a circumstance which may be partly attributed to the due regard that began to be paid to the undisputably superior German productions. Among those who have treated the subject both practically and theoretically, we have to mention here Lord Derby, Gladstone, Colonel Mure, Newman, Wright, Matthew Arnold, Worsley and Alfred Tennyson.

The question, which was the most suitable measure for Homer, now became the chief subject for consideration. The rapid progress of philology in general, the impulse to which, in the course of the 19th century, had been given by Germany, had given rise to a number of new points of view, from which the translators began to treat the subject more scientifically. Ballad measure, blankverse and Spenser's strophe, all found advocates, but a very small minority were in favour of the original metre. However, in spite of extended philological knowledge, and although perfectly acquainted with the whole epic territory, most of the translators remained too far behind their original. The cause of their want of success chiefly lies in the difficulties offered by the English language itself.

Now, in the first place, it needs no very deep insight into its nature to perceive that there are many considerable obstacles which render the successful introduction of the hexameter almost impossible. The numerous monosyllabic words and harsh consonants make it extremely difficult to avoid the too frequent occurrence of spondees and even molossi, in addition to which the language abounds in mutilated, lisping and half pronounced vowels. Then the modern English is so stripped of Germanic flexions and terminations that a great number of half-accentuated syllables at the end of verbs and nouns, which are so well adapted to dactylic verse, has disappeared entirely.

Qualities of the language, which, of course, run counter to the fundamental conditions of a tolerable hexameter.

The English tongue, on the whole, has certainly profited on the one hand, with respect to terseness and conciseness of expression by amalgamation with the Roman element, but, on the other hand, it has suffered much by the loss of free movement, flexibility, and the property of adapting itself to the ancient idioms and especially to the Greek. Yet, notwithstanding these evident difficulties, thousands of English hexameters lie before us. The most ardent defender of the original metre is Dr. Matthew Arnold, professor at the University of Oxford, who advocates the hexameter as the only measure suitable for English translation. The dictatorial tone, and the reckless manner, in which he treats his adversaries, has not gained much popularity to his cause, but, as a man of extended knowledge, who has thrown much light on many homeric questions, he deserves particular attention. Our limited space, however, compels us to refer the reader, for further particulars, to the pamphlets of Newman and Wright and the lectures of Mr. Arnold published in London.

Is it necessary to refute his unexpectedly bold thesis, „that there is no reason in the nature of the English language, why it should not adapt itself to hexameters as the German language does; nay the English language, from its greater rapidity, is in itself better suited than the German for them“ otherwise than by placing beside Goethe's incomparable elegies some of the best English hexameters?

Δάκρυά σοι καὶ νέεθ' διὰ χθονός, Ἡλιοδώρα
 Δωροῦμαι στοργῆς λείψνοι, εἰς Αἶδην,
 Δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτον, πολυχλαύτω δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
 Σπένδω μνημὸν πόθου, μνημὸν φιλοφροσύνης.
 Οἰκτρὰ γὰρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλῃν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Μελέαχρος
 Αἰδέω, κενεὴν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν.
 Αἶψ' ποῦ τὸ ποθεῖνόν ἐμοὶ θάλλος; ἄρπασεν Αἶδας,
 Ἄρπασεν, ἀκμαῖον δ' ἄνθρωπος ἔφυρε κόνις.
 Ἀλλὰ σε γουνοῦμαι, γὰρ πάντροφς, τὴν πανόδυρτον
 Ἡρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγγάλισαι.

*Though the Earth hide thee, yet there, even there, my Heliodora
 All that is left me I give, tears of thy love to my grave.*

*Tears how bitterly shed! on thy tomb bedewed with my weeping,
 Pledge of a fond regret — pledge of affection for thee.
 Piteously, piteously still, but in vain grieves on Meleagre,
 Thou art among the dead; Acheron heeds not my woe.
 Where is the flow'r that I lov'd? Death tore it away in the springtide,
 Tore it away and the dust claims the fair leaves in their bloom.
 Genial Earth! be it thine, at the mourners humble entreaty
 Softly to fold on thy breast her whom ever deplore.
 (From a collection of English Hexameter Translations, London, 1847.)*

*„Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking bird, wildest of singers,
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hounq o'er the water,
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious music,
 That the whole air and the woods, and the waves seemed silent to listen.
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad, then, soaring to madness,
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revels of frenzied Bacchantes.
 Then single notes were heard in sorrowful low lamentation;
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches,”
 (From Longfellow's Evangeline.)*

In spite of obvious deficiencies we greatly prefer these specimens to Dr. Arnold's own productions with their prosaic tone and forced accentuation; as „for instance. in the following passage:

Iliad XIX. 408.

Καὶ λίην σ' ἔτι νῦν γε σῶσομεν, ὄβριμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ.
 ἀλλὰ τοι ἐγγύθεν ἡμᾶρ ὀλέθριον οὐδέ τοι ἡμεῖς
 αἵτιοι, ἀλλὰ θεός τε μέγας καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή.
 οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡμετέρῃ βραδυτῆτί τε νωχελίῃ τε
 Τρῶες ἀπ' ὤμοισιν Πατρόκλου τεύχε' ἔλοντο.
 ἀλλὰ θεῶν ὄριστος, ὃν ἡύκομος τέκε Λητώ,
 ἔκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι, καὶ Ἑκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκεν.
 νῦν δὲ καὶ κεν ἅμα πνοῇ Ζεφύροιο θέομεν

ἦνπερ ἐλαφροτάτην φάσ' ἔμμεναι· ἀλλὰ σοὶ αὐτῷ
μῦρσιμόν ἐστι θεῶ τε καὶ ἀνέρι Ἴφι δαμῆναι.

*„Truly, yet this time will we save thee, mighty Achilles!
But thy day of death is at hand; nor shall we be the reason —
No, but the will of Haven, and Fate's invincible power.
For by no slow pace or want of swiftness of ours
Did the Trojans obtain to strip the arms from Patroclus;
But that prince among Gods, the son of the lovely-hair'd Leto,
Slew him fighting in front of the fray, and glorified Hector.
But, for us, we vie in speed with the breath of the west wind,
Which, men say, is the fleetest of winds; 'tis thou who art fated
To lie low in death, by the hand of a God and a Mortal“*

VI.

No other literary production perhaps surprised the reading public of England more than the Iliad of Lord Derby. He belongs most eminently to the above mentioned statesmen and members of the aristocracy, who, in spite of the manifold duties of their municipal and political vocations, still find time enough to take a lively interest in the sciences and in classical literature. Without originally intending to publish his occasional translations, he gradually completed in his leisure-hours the whole Iliad, and it was only by the advice of some learned friends that he was induced to publish it. This remarkable book gives no small proof of the solid knowledge and the good taste of the author. The blank-verse which he happily chose is frequently easier and more rapid than that of Cowper and reads agreeably and harmonizing with the dignified, though not heavy or tardy language. Thus cautioned by Pope's artificiality und Cowper's awkwardness he has approached very near his original and carried home the victory over the laudable, but unpractical attempt of Dr. Arnold.

We could easily single out from Lord Derby's Iliad many passages, for instances the dialogue of Hector and Andromache, which he has treated with wonderful vivacity and which exhibits great beauties; space allows us to choose but a shorter one, the drastic manner, faithful translation and noble simplicity of which are sure to please every reader.

Iliad X. 1.

Ἄλλοι μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν
 εὖδον παννύχιοι μαλακῶ δεδμημένοι ὕπνῳ·
 ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 ὕπνος ἔχε γλυκερός, πολλὰ φρεσὶ νόρμαίνοντα.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀστράπτῃ πόσις Ἥρης ἠγχιόμοιο
 τεύχων ἢ πολὺν ὄμβρον ἀθέσφατον ἢ χάλαζαν
 ἢ νιφετόν, ὅτε πέρ τε χιῶν ἐπάλυνεν ἀρούρας,
 ἢ ποθὶ πτολέμοιο μέγα στόμα πεύκεδα νοῖο,
 ὥς πυκιν' ἐν στήθεσιν ἀνεστέναχιζ' Ἀγαμέμνων
 νειύθην ἐκ κραδίης· τρῶμέοντο δέ οἱ φρένες ἐντός.
 ἦτοι ὅτ' ἐς πεδίον τε Τρωικὸν ἀθήρσεις
 θαύμαζεν πυρὰ πολλὰ, τὰ καίετο Ἰλίοθι πρό
 αὐλῶν συρίγγων τ' ἐνοπῆν, ὄμαδόν τ' ἀνθρώπων,
 αὐτὰρ ὅτ' ἐς νῆάς τε ἴδοι καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
 πολλὰς ἐκ κεφαλῆς προθελύμνους ἔλκετο χαίτας·
 ὤψοθ' ἐόντι Διὶ, μέγα δὲ στένευ κυδάμιον κῆρ.

*In nightlong slumbers lay the other chiefs
 Of all the Greeks by gentle sleep subdued.
 But not on Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 By various cares oppressed sweet slumber fell.
 As when from Jove, the fair-hair'd Juno's lord,
 Flashes the lightning, bringing in its train
 Tempestuous storm of mingled rain and hail,
 Or snows by winter sprinkled over the field's,
 Or opening wide the ravenous jaws of war,
 So Agamemnon from his inmost heart
 Pour'd forth in groans his multitudinous grief.
 His spirit within sinking. On the plain
 He look'd and there alarm'd the watchfires saw
 Which far advanced before the walls of Troy
 Blaz'd numberless; and thence of pipes and flutes
 He heard the sound and busy noise of men,
 Upon the ships he look'd and men of Greece*

*And by the roots his hair in handfuls tore;
To Jove on high deep groan'd his mighty heart.*

We now conclude our rapid sketch, regretting that our very limited space did not allow us to do more than mention the very praiseworthy productions of Newman, Wright, Tennyson and others.

